Occasionally I long
to fuck a dead man
I never slept with.
I pump up my temperature
imagining his touch
as I stroke my wishbone,
wanting to raise him up alive,
wanting my fallen seed
to produce him full-grown
and breathing heavy
when it shoots
across my chest;
wanting him upon me,
alive and aggressive,
intent on his sweet buggery
even if my eyes do
lack a trace of blue.

At the end of heavy breathing
the fire quickly diminishes.
Proof dries on my stomach.
I open my eyes, regret
I returned without my companion,
who moments ago held my nipple
bitten between his teeth,
as I thrashed about
on the mercy of his hand
whimpering in tongues.

At the end of heavy breathing
does it come to this?
Filtering language of necessity?
Stripping it of honesty?
Burning it with fissures
that have nothing to do with God?
The absolute evidence of place.

A common roof, discarded
rubbers, umbrellas,
the scratchy disc of memory.
The fatal glass slipper.
The sublimations
that make our erections falter.

At the end of heavy breathing
who will be responsible
for the destruction of human love?
Who are the heartless
sons of bitches
sucking blood from dreams
as they are born?
Who has the guts
to come forward
and testify?
Who will save
our sweet world?

We were promised
this would be a nigga fantasy
on the scale of Oz.
Instead we're humiliated,
disenchanted, suspicious.
I ask the scandal-infested leadership
"What is your malfunction? Tell us
how your automatic weapons
differ from the rest."

They respond with hand jive,
hoodoo hollering,
excuses to powder the nose,
or they simply disappear
like large sums of money.

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